Lillie Pozer 98-99

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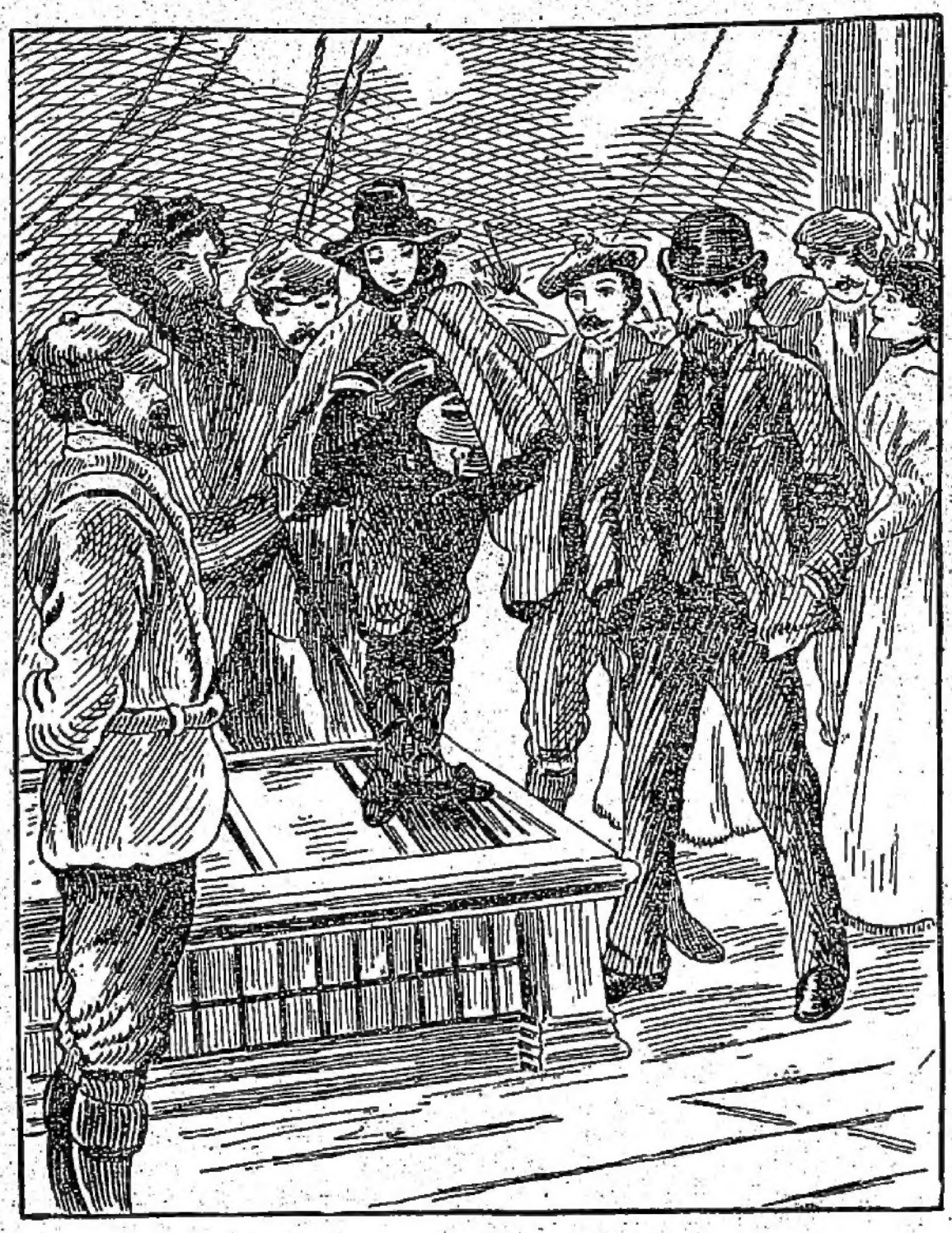
A Strange Reader.

('Springing Well.')

It was a lovely afternoon, years ago, that we left the Thames, bound for Scotland. We were accompanied by an energetic, impulsive, Christian Scotchman, who sought every possible opportunity, in season and out, to speak for his Master and Lord.

Very remarkable, it was, that we should be on the steamer together, for our friend had really taken his passage by another but arrived just in time to see her leave the dock. The engine-bell had sounded as a signal for our vessel to start, too; the gangway was about to be withdrawn when he reached the wharf against which we were moored, and managed, to our great gratification and surprise, at the very last instant, to get safely on board.



HE BEGAN TO READ IN A CLEAR FIRM VOICE.

We believe our simple story will show that God orders even such things for his people in his own marvellous way, and if our hearts were only always prepared to 'wait patiently for him,' he would often let us see the golden chain of grace and goodness that is bound about the little life-story of every one of us.

There were many passengers on board. Some were leaving for the usual summer holiday, others were on business bent; but the scene was altogether one of the greatest animation and interest.

The exhilarating influences of the delightful sea-breezes we enjoyed to the full until the sun went down on that Saturday evening; a calm, wonderful starlight night followed. We rose early on Sunday morning, and were soon on deck with our hearts filled with gratitude to God for all his loving care and tender mercy.

There was no opportunity for any public testimony during the morning, but we had an enjoyable hour of scripture reading and song, in a quiet corner of the ship, with two or three Christian friends with whom we were acquainted. We, however, longed for a chance to tell all our fellow-passengers of the Saviour Christ, and asked the captain if he would permit us to hold a meeting on the fore-deck in the afternoon. He immediately consented, provided the passengers did not object. We found, moreover, that the officer was a man who feared God, and trusted Christ for salvation, and blessing, and peace.

We then began to 'plan' very cleverly, as we imagined, how we would arrange the service, but God had gone before us, and he had 'planned,' how it should be brought about, for at that very moment a man approached the seat upon which we were sitting.

We had not previously observed him amongst the passengers; but he appeared to be excited, and addressing us, said—

'Look here, gentlemen, if you are going to talk Christianity on this steamer, my friends and myself mean to oppose you, so make no mistake about it!' The speaker was a man of medium height, with restless, deep set, dark eyes, with a somewhat sallow and unhappy expression; a fact that altogether betokened a mind filled with doubt, if not with dark despair. We were surprised at his speech, because so far we had given no definite indication of our intention to 'talk Christianity,' as he termed it. However, we surmised that the captain had told him of our request, and we replied in conciliatory language, 'Well, my friend, you might wait till we began, but we do hope to have a simple gospel service, and shall be pleased to see you and your friends present at it.' Our kindly answer, however, had but little effect, for he left us, sullenly murmuring to himself what he would do 'to stop that kind of thing when they were away for a little holiday.'

During the previous afternoon we had especially noticed a little Italian boy. He was attired in the customary picturesque garb—a little Tyrolese hat, a blue cape thrown around his shoulders, and his legs encased in the strange twisted bands usually worn by these wandering minstrels. He had a little organette, on which he played at times, and occasionally accompanied it with a soft and simple melody—one of the songs of his own land. The boy moved about the deck, and his quiet, polite demeanour attracted our attention, and we spoke to him and encouraged him a little, and found to our great pleasure that he could read and speak English quite fluently. On the Lord's day, however, his little organette was silent. He ran about the deck and clasped it as if he loved it dearly; but not a sound, sacred or secular, was heard from the strange little instrument all that day.

We had remarked this, and wondered what was the reason. However, just as the passenger we have described moved away from us, he noticed the little Italian boy, and approaching him, said, 'Here's a penny for you—play me the 'Marseillaise.' The boy looked up at him with his open, bright, and gentle face, and simply shook his head, plainly denoting that he did not wish to play. The man offered him sixpence, but the lad again politely shook his head; then he tendered a shilling and finally taking a half-crown and holding it up between his fingers, told him he would have that if he would play the 'Marseillaise'; but the child still absolutely refused. We were so impressed with the courage and determination of the little stranger that we felt sure there was some conscientious scruple animating him. We felt persuaded he was a Christian boy, and we went to him and sympathetically said, 'Will you do something for us?' At the same time we produced a pocket bible, and asked him if he would read a chapter we should choose from God's word. To our exceeding delight, the boy instantly assented. Our strong Scotch friend lifted him on to a hatchway or covered skylight, and he began to read in a clear, firm voice to many of the passengers who had gathered round, the wonderful fifteenth of Luke's Gospel.

Words fail us to describe the effect of this unusual incident. From the instant he be-

gan the words, 'Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him,' until he closed, at our desire, with the beautiful twenty-fourth verse, 'For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry,' there was the most eager and rapt attention. The story of the good shepherd seeking the lost sheep was read with simple eloquence. There was real power, too, in the recital of the recovery of the lost piece of silver, and of the 'joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth'; and whether it was the strange accent and intonation, we know not, but never in all our days have we heard the story of the Father's great love for the poor prodigal read with more telling and decided effect. Even the dreaded objector was 'stilled,' and listened with many others in perfect quietness until the reading was done. Indeed later on he told us he remembered 'learning' about the prodigal when he 'was a scholar at a Sunday-school,' and he thought the service was not 'so bad, after all!'

By this time, as our readers will understand, our congregation had been constituted, and taking advantage of it, our friend continued the meeting.

The words of the beautiful parable formed his text, and he spoke to an interested and deeply attentive audience of the Father's wonderful love.

Perhaps the singular time and circumstances had touched the hearts of the people, for God was there, speaking through his servant to many weary hearts. The story of the prodigal was fully told, as though it had never been preached before. The 'robe,' the 'ring,' the 'shoes' for the feet, and the 'fatted calf,' and all the perfect provision for the sinner's utmost need, he unfolded with the deepest fervor and earnestness, and closed his address in terms we have never forgotten, urging on every one of his hearers acceptance of the Saviour, that they might know the infinite compassion of the Father, and the delight of heavenly joy thus begun upon earth.

After our friend had finished we felt it was too solemn and wonderful to add many words, but we did refer to Matt., x., 32, 'Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven'; and, thank God, when we appealed to the people to take their stand on this verse and confess the name of Christ, many of our fellow-passengers did so.

Very boldly some of them declared how God had met with them years ago, but how they had grown cold, until hearing the voice of the little Italian boy, and the words of our friend, they had felt again the throbbings of the new life, and were determined henceforth, by God's help, to take their stand on the Lord's side, and to confess his holy name. Others, for the first time in their lives, decided for Christ that afternoon, on the deck of that ship, and confessed the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of the Living God.

We felt the hand of God was in it all as with one heart we praised him for his mercy.

We sang at the close of the meeting—

'All hail the power of Jesus's name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.'

and there were few voices silent or souls unreached in some way through the Christ-exalting strain.

We remember well, one young friend who spoke very boldly for Christ that day. He was converted through a colporteur, who gave him a little book to read, 'The Two Alexanders.' This proved a blessing to him and to several fellow-servants in the house in which he lived, two of whom were accompanying him then. It may also be wondered how our little Italian friend so readily acquiesced in our request and could read so well. It was a great joy to us, in subsequently talking with him, to find that he lived in London with his Christian grandmother, who had taught him to love the scriptures, and to whom he had given his word before he had left home that he would never sing or play for money on the Lord's Day. God honored the lad's heroism, and many a man might learn a lesson from his consistency and courage when apparently without a friend to stand by or uphold him.

'Lazarus, Come Forth.'

(By Chaplain George Sanderson.)

When Jesus was upon the earth he went about doing good—healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, strength to the weak, and comfort to the sorrowful. Several times he even gave life to the dead.

There was a little village in Palestine called Bethany. A family, consisting of a brother, named Lazarus, and his two sisters, Martha and Mary, dwelt in the little village, and when weary, Jesus would sometimes go to their home for rest. This brother and his sisters loved Jesus, and were his faithful followers, and Jesus loved them.

One day Lazarus fell sick. His sisters became very anxious about him, for they loved him dearly. In their extremity they bethought themselves of Jesus, and of the mighty works which he had performed, and so they sent him a message saying, 'Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick.' When Jesus received the message he did not go immediately to the bedside of his sick friend, but tarried several days longer in the place where he then was. He knew that Lazarus would die, and that his death would give him a greater opportunity to glorify God.

When Jesus came near to the home of Lazarus, he found that he had died and been buried four days. Martha came and met Jesus, and said to him: 'Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died. But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee.' Jesus told her that her brother should rise again, but she thought he meant in the resurrection at the last day. And so Jesus said: 'I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me; though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'

Then Mary came and also said to him that Lazarus would not have died if he had been there. What a grand and abiding faith these sisters had in the blessed Lord! Jesus was so deeply moved that he wept.

When they came to the tomb where Lazarus was laid Jesus caused the stone to be rolled away from the door, and cried in a loud voice, 'Lazarus, come forth!' and Lazarus, who had been dead four days, came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes.

No doubt you would have been astonished, my little friends, if you had seen that wonderful sight—the raising of a dead man to life. You can imagine, then, the effect it produced upon the people who saw it. The wonderful deed which Jesus performed in their sight convinced them that he was the real Son of God, and they believed on him.

Christ raised Lazarus up from the death which nature demands from us all—the death that Lazarus eventually succumbed to; but he can also raise us up from the death of sin to the life of righteousness.—'Buds of Promise.'

Learned Greek When a Baby

Prof. Joanna Baker, the Iowa linguist, avoided the fate of the average prodigies, who blossom early and die shortly after. The prime of life found her established in a useful career as instructor in Greek language, literature and philosophy, at Simpson College, Indianola. All the arguments against early drill in languages were upset in her experience, and the result indicates to the Indianapolis 'Sentinel,' that the German method of putting children at Latin and Greek is not so cruel after all. Miss Baker's parents taught her Greek and Latin conjugations for amusement as soon as she could speak clearly, and she learned them as thoroughly as children do nursery rhymes. In her fourth year she studied Greek, Latin and French systematically, a short lesson each day. Even then she had ample time for the amusements suited to her age, and before she was eight years old had finished all the primary books in those languages, and finished them thoroughly. Her father and mother both knew the tasks they set the child, and were able to guide her, for they were teachers of experience. Besides the conning of text-books, the young miss read in Xenophon, Homer, Caesar, Virgil and the fables in French. At twelve years of age she had added something of Herodotus, Demosthenes, Sallust and Cicero, and then took up mathematics. At fourteen she read Edipus Tyrannus in Greek, and made a lexicon of it, with critical notes on the text. At the age when most boys enter college, Miss Baker had read all the Greek and Latin of a college course, and while yet in her teens was appointed tutor in Greek at Simpson College, and also published an original literal translation of 'Plato's Apology,' which was a credit to scholarship. In 1822, at the age of twenty, she graduated at Cornell College with a degree, after one year within its walls, having already passed some years at Algona College, and at Simpson as a student. Four years later she entered De Pauw University, and was graduated with the degree of A.M., after two years' study, and was elected instructor of Greek and Latin in that institution. After filling the position one year she returned to Simpson College and took the chair of Greek, which her father had held during her early childhood.

It is a pleasure to add to this remarkable story that its heroine was not compelled to sacrifice all that makes life worth living in order to become a great linguist. Her musical abilities were cultivated to a high degree, family and social ties were kept warm, and the outside world as well as her collegiate associates knew that the woman's soul was not starving the while her head pushed eagerly on to conquest of ancient and mediaeval lore.—Indianapolis 'Sentinel.'

A Good Investment.

One dollar at compound interest, well invested, at the end of a century will be worth a thousand dollars; at the end of two centuries it will be worth a million dollars; at the end of three centuries it will be worth a billion dollars. If man can make so much out of invested funds how much can God make? How much do you suppose the dollar you give to Christ will be worth two or three centuries after this, when you behold its glorious fruit in the millennial age? —'Christian Alliance.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Little Word Lost.

I lost a very little word,
  Only the other day—
A very naughty little word
  I had not meant to say.
If only it were really lost,
  I should not mind a bit;
I think I should deserve a prize
  For really losing it.

For if no one could ever find,
  Again that little word,
So that no more from any lips
  Could it be ever heard,
I'm sure we all of us would say,
  That it was something fine
With such completeness to have lost,
  That naughty word of mine.

If it were only really lost,
  Oh! then I should be glad;
I let it fall so carelessly
  The day that I got mad.
Lose other things, you never seem,
  To come upon their track;
But lose a naughty little word,
  It's always coming back.
—Waif.

An Eye-Opener.

(By Leander S. Keyser.)

On his way to the office one morning Jack Sylvester met the minister. If the truth were told, Jack would have preferred to meet almost any one else. Somehow ministers had a habit of talking about other matters for a while, and then, sooner or later, steering the conversation to religion—a subject that the young man always fought shy of.

'Good morning, Mr. Sylvester,' the Rev. Mr. Austin said, in his cordial way; 'you are abroad early.'

'No earlier than you,' returned Jack, who meant to pass on.

Mr. Austin extended his hand, saying:

'I don't believe it right to spend the early hours of the day in sleeping, and I'm glad to see that you are of the same opinion.'

'Don't make me the text of a moral lecture, Mr. Austin,' laughed Jack, 'I rise early for business reasons.'

'Well, doesn't the scripture command us to be dilligent in business? You are obeying one of the precepts of religion. Why not try to follow all of them, Mr. Sylvester?'

Jack's eyes flashed as he answered:

'You have spoken to me several times about this. It isn't an agreeable subject to me. I want to be honest about it. My mind is made up to keep clear of the churches until——'

'Speak your mind frankly,' urged the minister.

'Well, until I see them producing better results. I know churchmen who are frauds. Some of them do things that I wouldn't stoop to, yet they profess to be Christians. Above all kinds of men I despise a hypocrite. If a man can't live a Christian life, why should he make a profession of religion at all?'

'No doubt there is much truth in what you say.' Mr. Austin was a man who would concede as much as he could to an opponent. 'There are inconsistent people in our churches, and they are stumbling-blocks, I confess. But see here, my brother, don't you think it would be better and braver of you to give them an example of right living? You seem to understand so well just how a Christian should live.'

Jack's eye fell before the minister's earnest, penetrating look, and no answer that was genuine occurred to his mind at the moment.

'Good morning, Mr. Sylvester,' said the minister, moving away, 'I do not wish to detain you. Only think calmly and deeply on these important matters.'

It required more than an hour for Jack to dismiss the conversation from his mind. He was half-vexed with Mr. Austin, or with himself; he could scarcely decide which. The minister had given the matter such a personal turn, and had shown him his duty.

Jack was not an unbeliever. Like many others without the Church, he accepted the bible as the Word of God; but those hypocrites, those impostors, who used religion as a cloak—against them he constantly vented his wrath and criticism, making them his principal excuse for not becoming a Christian.

Some weeks passed. One day Jack sat in the office where he was employed, when his ear caught the sound of voices in an adjoining room. The door was slightly ajar, and he could not have helped hearing the conversation, even if he had wanted to. He thought of closing the door, but just then he heard his own name mentioned and felt that it would be embarrassing to let himself be seen. One of the voices was that of Mr. Austin, the minister, who was engaged in conversation with two of Jack's young friends.

'Are you ready to decide this matter now?' Mr. Austin asked, in a voice that betrayed no little anxiety.

'I'm not,' promptly replied Perry Sales, 'Of course, I've been thinking about it; but there are too many inconsistent Christians. Your church members — anyway, a good many of them—don't do right, in spite of all their profession. The other day I saw one of them slip into a saloon.'

'Is that so?' asked the minister. 'Then, let me have his name, and I shall bring him before the official board of the church, and request you to be a witness against him. May I call on you for that purpose?'

Then followed an awkward pause. Jack waited for Perry's reply.

'Oh, no! I prefer not to be involved in

'But lose a naughty little word,
It's always coming 'back.'

But it wasn't really lost,
  When from my lips it flew;
My little brother picked it up,
  And now he says it, too.
Mamma says that the worst would be,
  I could not get it back;
But the worst of it now seems to me,
  I'm always on its track.

Mamma is sad; papa looks grieved;
  Johnnie has said it twice;
Of course it is no use for me
  To tell him it's not nice.
When you lose other things, they're lost,
  But lose a naughty word,
And for every time 'twas heard before,
  Now twenty times 'tis heard.

any trouble,' Perry said, his tone having lost all its bravado.

'What! Do you bring a charge against a church member, and then are unwilling to stand by it? How can you ever purify the Church on these indefinite charges? If these evils exist every true man, and every public-spirited citizen ought to help us to get rid of them.'

The young men seemed to be abashed, and Jack felt for the first time that he had been acting the part of a coward. He, too, had often criticized church members, but he would not want to be summoned as a witness—no, no! At length the other young man, Henry Rodman, found his voice.

'But really, Mr. Austin,' he began, 'the inconsistencies of church people are a serious matter. Some of them are guilty of conduct that many who make no profession would not stoop to do.'

'No doubt,' conceded Mr. Austin, 'I suppose there is someone outside of the Church whom you regard as a model?' he continued, half inquiringly.

'Yes, there are several such persons,' affirmed Henry. 'There, for instance, is Jack Sylvester, who has a good position with this firm. He is honorable in every way. He doesn't drink, or swear, smoke, or chew; he doesn't even go to balls and theatres. There couldn't be a more honest and upright fellow—a perfect gentleman in every respect.'

By this time Jack, who heard every word, was blushing violently on account of all this voluntary praise.

'Now, compare Jack with some of your church members,' pursued Henry, in a scornful tone. 'I should prefer to take him for a model, and take his chance for heaven, too. If a man can be so honorable without being a Christian, I don't see much advantage in being one, do you?'

'Wait a moment,' said Mr. Austin, kindly. 'You mean to say, then, that Jack Sylvester, because he is a good moral man and yet not a Christian, encourages you to remain away from Christ.'

'Well—I hadn't just thought of it in that light.' Henry hesitated; 'but, yes, that is what it practically amounts to. If he can live an upright life without religion, why can't I? Tell me that.'

'Then a grave responsibility rests on Jack Sylvester,' said the minister, seriously. 'I do not think I should want to rest under it. He believes the scriptures to be true, and yet by refusing to confess Christ before men he keeps others from coming to Christ. Do you see? In that way a moral man who is not a Christian may do a great deal of harm. His influence is on the wrong side.'

'I never thought of that,' replied Henry, doubtfully.

'Yes that is the principle, precisely. People who want an excuse for not coming to Christ will always select some poor specimen of a Christian, and a fine specimen of a moral man, and then contrast them. Now, if all our excellent moral men were Christians, see what an influence for good they would exert! God has given them their moral talents, and expects them to serve his cause. Instead of doing that, they use their talents only for themselves, and, whether they intend it or not, they are against Christ because they are not for him.'

A pause followed.

'Well,' said Perry Sales, presently, 'I hope no one takes me for a model on the wrong side. I should tremble at the thought of standing in the way of anybody's salvation.'

'Every man has his influence,' said the minister, solemnly. 'It is either for Christ or against him. On which side is your influence, my young friends? Good day. I shall leave you to think the matter over.'

For two days after Jack pondered the conversation which he had inadvertently overheard. His eyes had been opened. Perry Sales and Henry Rodman were following his example. Others were doubtless taking them as models. Where would his influence end? He trembled at the thought.

On the third day he called Perry and Henry into the office, and said:

'Friends, I have learned that you have been making me an excuse for not becoming Christians. I have resolved to follow Christ and put my influence positively on his side. I hope you will come with me.'

The young men looked at Jack, and then at each other in amazement, and could not answer.

'Pray over the matter, boys, as I have done, and your difficulties will soon vanish.'

His words produced their intended effect, for before many weeks Jack and his two friends made a public profession of Christ. One day soon after Jack met Mr. Austin.

'Your conversation with Perry Sales and Henry Rodman was an eye-opener to me,' he said, smilingly.

'I don't understand,' said Mr. Austin. And Jack explained.—'Christian Advocate.'

Cicero's Call to be Missionary

(By Mrs. O. W. Scott.)

'Papa, this is Cicero Jefferson.'

Colonel Dent had visited the village school that afternoon to please his little daughter, and he now turned as she gently pulled his sleeve.

'Ah, so this is Cicero?' and he took the small black hand, and looked kindly into the shining black face.

'Cicero Lincoln Jefferson!' exclaimed the boy, with a radiant smile.

'I enjoyed your recitation,' said the colonel, 'You are wise to learn what great men think of your race. Perhaps some time you may go to Africa to teach or preach.'

'I don't know. Mammy hopes I'll be good for something when I grow up.'

'Do you know about Moffat and Livingstone and Stanley and Bishop Taylor?' asked Colonel Dent.

Cicero shook his head.

'You ought to know about them. Fay, don't let me forget to send him some books.'

'No, papa,' replied the little daughter.

And it was Fay who had to remind him of the promise, and finally carry the big package in her own small arms to Aunt Ilsy's tiny house under the hill.

But she was a dear little missionary worker, and quite sure that Cicero's ignorance about Africa was rather disgraceful.

'You'll be s'prised to find how strange African people are,' she said, balancing one dainty foot on the threshold, as she rubbed her tired arm; 'but you'll be interested.'

And he was. It was now vacation, and Cicero spent his spare time over the books, missionary magazines, pamphlets, and one large illustrated book which made for him a perpetual feast.

Sometimes he laughed, and sometimes his tears fell upon the open page.

'What do all you, Cic'ro?' asked Aunt Ilsy as they sat on the doorstep late one summer afternoon. He was reading, as usual, she was smoking her short pipe, and the clothes she had been washing hung flapping to and fro on the long lines which crossed and recrossed the small yard.

'Don't know, mammy,' replied Cicero, wiping his eyes. 'Seems like I want to do something. If I was a big fighter like Gineral Napoleon or Gineral Grant, I'd go out there and take care o' things. I'd stop the rum ships, and I'd build meetin'-houses an' school-houses, an' houses to live in. See, Mammy, how'd you like to live the way they do?'

She was fond of pictures, and looked eagerly over his shoulder.

'O now, Cic'ro! do black folks in Africa live in dose beehives?' and she pointed to one of the kraals, as they are called, where a chief lives with his family and followers. Small huts, like bowls, turned upside down or old-fashioned beehives, form a ring with a space in the center.

'Where's the chimneys?' asked Aunt Ilsy, scornfully.

'They don't have any,' replied Cicero.

'Where's the winders?'

'Don't have any.'

'Where's their do'steps?'

'No doorsteps either,' said Cicero. 'They stoop low, and crawl in.'

'No do'steps? Where do they set to look at sunsets and thank de good Lord for his most exc'lent glory?'

Real pity was in her tone as she lifted her comely face toward the beautiful sky.

'Oh, Mammy, they don't have any Lord! That's the trouble. They can't go to meetin'; they can't hear the big organ play, nor bells ring. The children don't go to school like I do.'

'For pity's sake!' exclaimed Aunt Ilsy.

'An' they're afraid of the awful witch doctors that live in the bush. Sometimes the witch doctor makes 'em take poison, if anybody complain, an' they die jest for nothing. They wear charm things round their necks—bones an' teeth an' bark—an' think they'll save 'em. Hear this Mammy!'

Then Cicero read how the king of one of their tribes died, and when he was buried ten of his slave wives were buried with him.

'While they were alive, Cic'ro?' his mother inquired, in tones of horror,

'Just as much alive as you be this minute,' replied the boy. 'An', Mammy, here's a picture of some slaves that's bein' stolen from their homes. See that long line? See the chains? See that woman with a baby in her arms, an' two more right behind?' Aunt Ilsy groaned.

Cicero's voice sank to a whisper, as he continued: 'If they get awful tired an' fall behind, the driver whips 'em till they stagger along. Sometimes when the babies can't walk, they leave 'em behind—to die on the ground.'

'Pore things! I wish I could do something fer 'em,' sighed Aunt Ilsy.

'I 'most wish the cunnel hadn't sent the books,' said Cicero, huskily, 'cause now I'll have to go out there as soon as I grow up.'

Aunt Ilsy instantly sat erect, and took the pipe from her lips. 'Cic'ro Lincoln Jefferson,' she said, 'quit that talk. Has I any chile but you?'

'No, Mammy.'

'Hasn't I washed, an' i'oned and scrubbed to keep you slick and neat?'

'Yes, Mammy,' Cicero assented.

'Hasn't I been waitin' fur you to be wuth somethin' fer me? Don't I need the only boy I has? Is you goin' to be a stiff-necked, ongrateful chile, leavin' yo' mammy, to go to the ends of the earth?'

Aunt Ilsy's voice rose higher and higher, and shook with mingled grief and anger.

She rose from the doorstep and disappeared, but Cicero remained until the last line of sunset red disappeared.

It may have been midnight when Aunt Ilsy suddenly awoke. Cicero was calling, 'Mammy, what you want?' from his small chamber.

Aunt Ilsy was at the foot of the stairs in a moment.

'I never called, honey; what you mean?'

'Why, yes, you said, "Cicero Lincoln Jefferson, I want you," persisted the boy.

Aunt Ilsy's heart beat very fast. She seemed to see something brighter than the moonlight.

'You'se had a call, Cic'ro, just like Samuel. If you hears the voice again, you say, "Speak, Lord; thy servant's hearin'."

'Yes, Mammy,' said Cicero, as he crept back to bed.

Aunt Ilsy could say no more. She knelt beside her bed.

'Have pity on thy poor, unworthy chile, Father,' she prayed. 'If thou want's my dear Cicero, thou shalt have him. Dese poor African children of thine is under thy gaze, and thou seest them with no do'steps, no meetin's, no songs of Zion. Tell 'em my boy's comin'.

Great sobs shook her frame, and tears rolled down her cheeks, but she fully believed God had called Cicero, and who was she to withhold her one treasure?

Lighting her small lamp, she took her old bible from the shelf, wrapped a shawl round her shoulders, and, brushing away her tears, turned to one of the few stories she had learned to read.

'Yes,' she murmured, tracing with her finger, 'Hannah's boy—her only boy, slep' in the temple. This ain't no temple, but there's room for God's dear voice. When he spoke in the night-time, Samuel said, "Here am I."'

'O Father, give me and Cic'ro the "here-am-I" spirit. "And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child." I knew in a minute who called Cic'ro without perceivin'. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Yes, I got that just right. Can't answer God no other way. What if my pore ole heart do ache? My Father, he sees the bigger heart-aches of his los' ones in Africa. He says, "Aunt Ilsy, freely thou hast received, freely give." Praise his name!'

The cry of joyful triumph aroused Cicero again.

'It's all right, honey,' she responded to his call; 'keep yo' listenin' ear open to the Lord. Mammy hasn't nothin' more to say.'

The first person to hear of the voice in the night was little Fay, who came the next morning on an errand for her mother.

'Cic'ro says maybe it was a dream,' explained Aunt Ilsy, 'but it wasn't. God knew my pore, selfish heart, and so he had to speak like he did in the temple when he woke up Samuel.'

Fay's blue eyes grew large, and she bowed her head gravely. It was a sweet mystery, and she had no doubt the dear Lord had spoken

'I'm glad of it,' she said, 'now he'll make a missionary.'

Perhaps Fay's report to her father, and her very deep interest in saving her pennies to help Cicero, led the colonel to look after the boy.

At least, it is his money that is educating him. As for Aunt Ilsy, she can hardly wait until Cicero Lincoln Jefferson is ready to preach Christ in Africa.—'Illustrated Africa.'

Seal-catching in Winter.

Motionless, silent, half-kneeling, his knees tied together, so that the tightening strap may give warning of approaching sleep, his eye fixed on the breathing-hole, his harpoon ready to strike the seal when it comes up to breathe; the Esquimaux crouches on the ice the whole night through, in a temperature far below zero. The slightest sound or movement would frighten the seal. If the watcher means to succeed, he must deny and hold back self. This was Paul's method of working. It must be the method of everyone seeking to win souls. Self-assertion fails. Self-restraint succeeds—'Sunday-school Chronicle.'

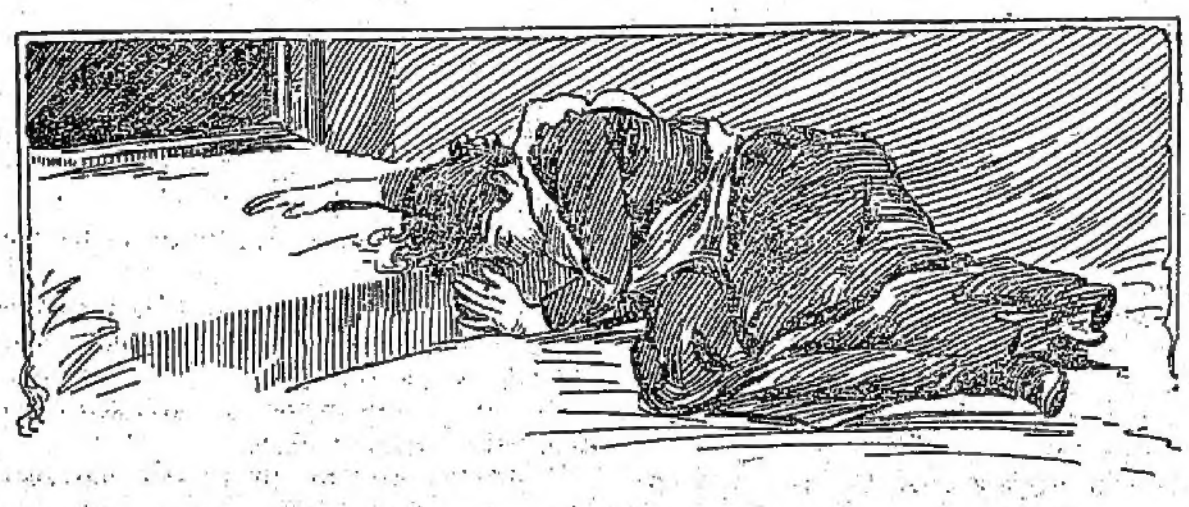
Sleep-Walking Stories.

(By Vernon Wright.)

Homo-spun stories of sleep-walking must be fairly plentiful for there is scarcely a family that does not tell queer tales of strange doings by night. The phenomena of somnambulism, so the doctors will explain, arise from the fact that the faculties are unequally suspended during sleep, so that one set of organs may be active while the others are dormant. It is frequently accompanied by dreams, which arise out of a similar condition of the nervous functions.

If we apply this definition to the following authentic narratives, its accuracy will be clearly demonstrated:—

A shop! girl who had been much worried by the constant rush of Christmas claims one snowy morning got up at five o'clock, dressed, and without putting on her hat went out of the house alone. She walked a distance of over a mile towards the shop where she was engaged, and when but a short way from it she was seen to stagger suddenly and fall close to a door-step. A policeman, thinking that she was the worse for drink, tried to arouse her, and at his



SHE WAS SEEN TO FALL CLOSE TO A DOORSTEP.

touch she started up, and in a few moments had recovered her senses. She had no notion how she came to be lying on the pathway, though she clearly remembered retiring to bed the previous night. On returning to her home her account of herself was fully verified.

Another curious case was the result of over-excitement. A boy on his way to the seaside had travelled by steamer, railway, and coach, from six o'clock in the evening till four o'clock the next afternoon, without cessation and with hardly any sleep. Shortly after going to bed, his companion was awakened by a crash of glass, followed by hysterical cries, and, on looking for the boy, found that he had got up, broken the window and gone. He was found in the road, considerably injured. It appeared from his story, that when half-asleep, he thought he saw a mad bull rushing at him. Catching hold of the curtain, which he thought was a tree, he swung himself over the hedge by which the tree grew—the window, open from the top—then jumped and ran away, breaking the window with his heel, and cutting his feet on the sharp stones. In this case the impression left on the mind of the sleep-walker was so strong as to enable him to tell all that he thought or imagined during the dream.

In the next instance no trace of remembrance survived. A servant-girl came down at four o'clock in the morning, and asked her mistress for some cotton, to mend her dress, which she had torn. While she was looking in her work-box someone offered her an empty spool, but she refused it, and taking up her gown, pointed to two holes which she said she wanted to mend. A needle was threaded for her with black cotton, but she rejected it, saying that she wanted brown cotton. Someone spoke, and she said that it was her mistress; but it was not. Her vision was thus shown to be keen, but her hearing dull. She was wakened with considerable difficulty, and, seeing the cotton box disturbed, asked why it had been meddled with. Several questions were asked her during the following day to test her recollection but she could not recall her sleep-walking nor anything that had taken place during the night.

A miner near Redruth arose one night, walked to the engine shaft of the mine, and safely descended to the depth of twenty fathoms, where he was found soon afterwards sound asleep. He could not be wakened by calling him, and had to be shaken. When awake, he could not account for the situation in which he found himself.

Morrison, in one of his medical works, tells of a clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlincations, and go to bed again, while he was all the time fast asleep. A similar story is told of an English dissenting preacher, who had been perplexed during the week about the treatment of the subject of his Sunday's sermon, and mentioned his perplexity to his wife on Saturday night. During the night he got up and preached a good sermon on the subject in the hearing of his wife. In the morning his wife suggested a method of treating the subject, based upon his sleep-work of the night before, with which he was much pleased; and he preached the sermon with no knowledge of its real origin.

Another story tells of a butcher's boy who went to the stable in his sleep to saddle his horse and go his rounds. Not finding the saddle in its usual place, he went to the house and asked for it, and failing to get it, he started off without it. He was taken off the horse and carried into the house. A doctor came, and while he was present, the boy, considering himself stopped at the turnpike gate, offered sixpence for the toll, and this being given back to him, he refused it and demanded his change. A part of the change was given him, and he demanded the proper amount. When awake afterwards he had no recollection of what had passed.

To prevent sleep-walking it is necessary to remove whatever is the occasion of it, if it arises from any definable disorder. Often, however, it cannot be referred to any complaint; then the best that can be done will be to take precautions against the somnambulist running into any danger.

In the majority of cases disillusion comes quickly, though perhaps not soon enough to the harassed sleeper. Uncomfortable and sometimes disconcerting, situations are so vividly impressed upon the brain that night after night a 'bad quarter of a minute' is passed before consciousness returns. I know a certain gentleman, ever anxious to be polite, from a self-conscious motive, I am afraid, who has confessed to me that he was

always finding himself in an awkward predicament in his sleep. 'I hear some one—generally a lady's voice—ask me if I will kindly hand her the cake or bread and butter. I fully realize in a moment that she is having afternoon tea, and that I am the only gentleman present. Then I break out into a cold perspiration. Can I excuse myself on the grounds that I have retired to bed? It is a horrible feeling, I assure you. You know that you are in bed, and yet your dream goes on.' 'And how does it end?' I asked. 'It never ends. I dream it over and over again with variations, until I recognize the position, and wait for the dream impression to fade.'

An Outside View.

(By Zella M. Brown.)

'Mother, dear, may I go to the concert this afternoon with Belle and some of the other girls?' said Lesley Day, running into the sewing-room.

'I expected you to go with me, Lesley,' said Mrs. Day.

'I know, mother,' said Lesley, flushing a little, for there was an implied rebuke in her mother's tone; 'but I knew Mrs. Martin was going to call for you, or I would not have made arangements with the girls. They are all going together. Belle's mother doesn't mind, since it is in the afternoon, and I thought you wouldn't care.'

'I prefer you to go with me, my dear.'

'Oh, but mother, I've promised to go with the girls. I never dreamed of your objecting,' cried Lesley, tragically.

'Sit down here and write a note to Belle telling her that I wish you to go with me. That, I think, will absolve you from a promise you made without my permission,' said Mrs. Day.

Lesley wrote the note her mother dictated, though tears of mortification and disappointment dimmed her eyes. 'Mother is so particular,' she grumbled to herself, as she put her books away. 'I dare say any other girl in the school could go with Belle's party. Oh, dear, they will have such a lovely time.'

When Lesley went to dress there was another disappointment. Mrs. Day asked her to put on the plainest of her best gowns, instead of the nicely-trimmed one she wished to wear.

'These afternoon concerts are not for the purpose of showing off fine toilets,' said the mother. 'Indeed, we hope to encourage a class of people to attend who cannot afford fine clothes, and who would yet enjoy the good music.'

As Lesley donned the dark blue gown she felt that all the pleasure in the concert was destroyed, and she would far rather have remained at home, She was somewhat consoled about her dress, however, when she saw Mrs. Levitt come in attired in a severely plain costume. Mrs. Levitt was a charming young matron who had interested herself in the school-girls. They all adored her, and Lesley had set her up as her ideal. But oh! there was another drop of gall in Lesley's cup as she saw Mrs. Levitt sit down directly in front of the row of school-girls.

Belle was a centre of attraction here, Two college boys occupied the next seats back, and they leaned forward now and then to whisper something that set the group of girls in a flutter of giggles and tosses and saucy backward glances. Lesley felt her cheeks begin to burn as she watched Belle's absurd little airs. She was quite certain that the girls had never acted so before. She was glad when the music began, for she felt oddly responsible for that party's behaviour since she had so earnestly wished to be with them.

But alas, the girls had not come to listen to the music. The whispering and giggling went on; then some notes were written and circulated. Several ladies looked in that direction disapprovingly.

Lesley saw her mother glance toward them, and then look down at her little daughter with a half-smile. But the crowning humiliation came the next moment, when Mrs. Levitt,-evidently disturbed by the noise, turned slightly in her seat and swept the whole group with a glance, as if to fix each face in her mind. There was no anger or impatience in that clear look, but every girl suddenly felt small and guilty, and realized the enormity of her offence.

Belle frowned, and tried to look as if she did not care, but Lesley knew how deeply every one of them must feel Mrs. Levitt's disapproval. There was no more whispering during the concert.

Afterward Mrs. Leavitt came to Mrs. Day, and, after speaking to her, she turned to Lesley, and said something that made Lesley flush with grateful delight.

When the mother and daughter sat down for their evening talk, the confession that Mrs. Day expected was not long in coming.

'I was horrid and disagreeable about the concert, mother; but I am glad I went with you, instead of having my own way. But really and truly, mother, I never knew Belle to do such things before.'

'My dear, you were not in a position to decide how she acted when you were with her, and enjoyed the fun of all her little nonsensical speeches. I suppose the girls that were together to-day did not know that they were doing anything unbecoming. I do not like to criticise your schoolmates, so, although I have disapproved of Miss Belle's manners for some time past, I wanted you to see for yourself what was wrong. I thought you would appreciate that more than if you were told. You had an outside view to-day, and you see how such things look to an observer.

'Yes,' said Lesley, after a penitent pause; 'and, oh, I should have been so mortified if I had been there, to have people glancing toward us. But Belle is so funny, and says such bright things, that I liked to be with her, and indeed she never acted so before.'

'What I feared from your companionship with her was that you would cease to regard such things as out of place.'

'Oh, mother,' said Lesley reproachfully.

'Never mind now, my daughter; that fear was removed to-day, and I trusted as much to your good-sense.'

'Just suppose,' said Lesley, after another thoughtful pause, 'that Mrs. Levitt had looked at me that way, Oh, I never could have felt right again. How the girls must feel. I wonder if she will ever forgive them?'

'She is not such an implacable person, is she?' said Mrs. Day, smiling. 'At any rate, I think she must have said something pleasant to you in the concert hall.'

'Yes, mother,' said Lesley, 'I'm going to tell you what it was. I didn't deserve it. It is all to your credit, but I will deserve it next time, and not be cross when I can't see just why you want me to do things. She said, "I am glad to see one girl who thinks her mother her best companion, and modest manners her finest ornament." '—'Christian Standard.'

Living Christ at home is the best preparation for preaching him abroad.

'Go ye.' How often we apply this command to our neighbors, and fail to see that God meant it for ourselves.

Do you hear the clock ticking? For every beat of the pendulum a soul passes out into eternity without Christ.

The Stings in Little Things.

We call him strong who stands unmoved—
  Calm as some tempest-beaten rock—
  When some great trouble hurls its shock;
We say of him his strength is proved;
  But when the spent storm folds its wings,
  How bears he then life's little things?

About his brow we twine our wreath
  Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke,
  Braves flashing gun and sabre-stroke;
And scoffs at danger, laughs at death;
  We praise him till the whole land rings;
  But is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed
  That echo bears from shore to shore—
  Does that, and then does nothing more;
Yet would his work earn richer meed,
  When brought before the King of kings,
  Were he but great in little things

We closely guard our garden gates,
  When great temptations loudly knock,
  Draw every bolt, clinch every lock;
And sternly fold our bars and gates;
  Yet some small door wide open swings
  At the sly touch of little things.

I can forgive—'tis worth my while—
  The treacherous blow, the cruel thrust;
  Can bless my foe, as Christians must,
While patience smiles her royal smile;
  Yet fierce resentment quickly slings
  Its shots of ire at little things.

And I can tread beneath my feet
  The hills of passion's heaving sea,
  When wind-tossed waves roll stormily;
Yet scarce resist the siren sweet
  That at my heart's door softly sings,
  'Forget, forget, life's little things.'

But what is this? Drops make the sea;
  And petty cares and small events,
  Small causes and small consequents,
Make up the sum for you and me;
  Then, oh, for strength to meet the stings
  That arm the points of little things.

—'Waif.'

Correspondence

Edinburgh.

Dear Editor,—I came from Loch Lomond, Cape Breton, to Edinburgh, I would have written to you sooner, but I was so busy seeing the sights in Glasgow and Edinburgh that I had no time until now. Yesterday and to-day have been stormy, and wet, so that I could not get out, and, as I get the 'Messenger,' sent from home every week, I just made up my mind to write a letter to you. I have seen the Castle, Queen Mary's rooms and the Crown jewels. I was at the top of Sir Walter Scott's monument, and had a splendid view of all the country round Edinburgh. I went to see the picture and art galleries; I liked to look at the pictures best. But I have to see a great many other things yet, and may tell you about them some other time. I was at service in St. Giles's Cathedral, It is very grand. I also visited a number of other fine churches. I am going to see the famous Forth bridge some day. I am, yours truly,

JANE CATHERINE M.
Age 9.

Wetaskiwin, Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I am very much interested in reading the correspondence of the 'Messenger,' There was one letter, from Myrtle W., that amused me very much; her birthday is the very same as mine, I was born on Feb. 29, 1888. We have been living in this North-West for about six years, We like it here only it is so cold in winter.

I have three brothers, all older than myself. We go to school; we have two miles and a half to go. We have to ride all the time. We have a teacher from Ontario. There is

a Union Sunday-school every Sunday, and services in our school-house.

We have twenty-two horses, and fifty-two head of cattle, and fourteen pigs. We have four cats and seven kittens; amongst them I have not a pet.

TENA W.

Oak River, Man.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm near a river. My sister and I each have a colt which my uncle gave us, it was brought up on cow's milk. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I hope I will see this letter printed.

EVA.

GRANT.

Dear Editor,—Having read with great pleasure the letters in your paper, I thought I would write one myself. I live in the country, and I would far rather live in the country than in the city. I go to school, and I passed the entrance examination last summer. I have four sisters and three brothers. My little baby brother will be four on Nov. 16. He is a dear little pet. His name is Donald Archibald, but we all call him Donnie. My baby sister is six years old; her name is Mina. My little sister Marion takes your paper. I have a little kitten which I call Snowflake. She is a good kitten to catch mice, and has caught quite a number already. We have a horse called George, and we can all drive him, and my brother Willie can ride on his back.

JESSIE.

Margaree, Cape Breton.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, thirteen years old. I have taken the 'Messenger,' for two years, and I am sure I could hardly do without it. I live with my uncle on a large farm. I have two sisters. I go to school every day, and I like going very much. We have a little band here called Daniel's Band.

MARY.

Thornburn, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy of twelve. I like to read the letters in the correspondence. I live in a village. I have five brothers and two sisters. One of my sisters is a baby about four months old.

THOMAS.

Billerica, Que.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger,' there, and I like it very much. I go to school and I am in the third reader. I have two sisters and one brother. I have only one pet, and that is a dog. We keep a horse and two pigs, and a cow, and we have a store. I like page eight, and nine, in the 'Messenger.' Your eight-year-old reader,

J. M. P.

N. E. Margaree, C. B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl 12 years old. I go to school every day, and I am in the sixth book. I live on a large farm near the river; we sometimes go out bathing. I have two brothers, Harry and Gordon. I am a member of the new Phoenix Lodge. I have no pets except a little cow called Brownie. This is the first letter I ever wrote. Your reader,

LAURA H.

Owen Sound.

Dear Editor,—I have one big sister going to the high school, and one brother, who goes to the same school as I go to. I have one dear cat, that I love, and a dear little pug dog; its name is Dot. I have also a Jersey calf. I wish, Dear Editor, you could see those three pets. My brother has a big dog named Dick. My brother belongs to the Boys' Brigade. We take the 'Messenger,' and I just love to read the correspondence. Yours truly,

BEATA M.

Carleton Place, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My mother and I have been interested in the children's letters. One of my grandmothers lives in Hamilton, and the other in this town. I came out first in my class in the examinations at school. I have a friend going to college in Montreal; her name is Agnes D. G. I had a garden this summer; I had carrots, onions, beets, cabbage, celery, potatoes, turnips, tomatoes and parsley. Then I had pansies, sweet-peas, scarlet-runners morning-glories, nasturtiums, mignonette and a lot of other kinds of flowers and vegetables.

My mother belongs to the W. C. T. U., and when I'm grown up I intend to too.

ELSIE.

HOUSEHOLD.

Forty Years Without a Wood-House.

(By Ess. E. Tee.)

A few years ago I purchased a homestead in New Jersey, near a farmer who owned about two hundred acres of land. The family was really 'land-poor.' The farm was a good one; and almost any energetic Dutch woman could make a thousand dollars a year on that place. In every department of farm management one could see the same slack, indolent and perfunctory practice that was adopted with their fuel. There was a huge pile of brush, poles, pieces of rails and fence stakes, cord wood, long wood, logs and rubbish, all hove together near the back door. For several winters I called occasionally at my well-to-do neighbor's house, and I always (when the weather was freezing cold) saw three fires kept burning by thrusting the end of long sticks into the fire-places and into the open door-way of the cook-stove, where the water-soaked fuel would siss and simmer and fry, until the ends were consumed, when the fretting, scowling, provoked women would come along (with numerous impressive ejaculations and exclamations that would look bad in print), and with a whack and a kick and a provoking thrust or two, work the long sticks further into the fire. Well, the ambitious mother, who did the best she was able (with such a miserable stick-in-the-mud of a husband), went down into her grave before she had lived out half her days. When snow covered everything to the depth of a foot or more, I often saw the women poking around the wood-pile, pulling out a stick here, and tugging in vain to get another long pole loose, to carry into the house to increase the fire. Yet the father passed for an excellent citizen, who, for many years, was an influential factotum in one of the oldest and most flourishing Reformed churches of New Jersey.

I told him of a better way—a way that I myself had always practised before we burned coal. They had just torn down an addition to the house. I volunteered to go and supervise the re-erection of that building for a wood-house. I volunteered (without hope of remuneration) for the simple reason that I was pained at seeing my near neighbors making such miserable efforts at living, when the sources of comfort, the luxuries and superfluities of life were scattered all around them in such profusion and abundance. After we (his men and I) had completed the building, I volunteered to supervise the sawing and splitting of the wood. He was one of the sort of men who needs a good boss to say: 'Come, boys.' I persuaded him to get a horse-saw, with which we sawed his huge pile of about thirty cords, all short, only eight to twelve inches long. 'Now,' said I, 'that is a good job completed.' 'Yes'; he replied, 'if the women find any fault now they ought not to have any wood.' 'Now let me suggest,' I interrupted, 'that you employ a couple of men, they will work cheap now, and I will come with my axe and we will split and pile all this wood in the new wood-house before the farm-work comes on.' I spent a few hours per day, to induce them to keep 'pegging away' at the job, so that long before it was time to make garden, that wood-house was filled clear to the roof with nice wood, all split fine, and piled up for use next winter. 'There,' said I, 'neighbor J., if you had commenced like this, forty years ago, and continued the practice, your beautiful and energetic wife would now have been at your side in blooming health and rosy cheeks, like a miss of sweet sixteen.' 'I see it now!' he replied, with a choked utterance. 'I see,' said he, as he turned away to wipe the unbidden tears. 'I see now, how easy it is to do a big job if a man will once go about it. I can't hardly believe what I see,' said he, smiling through his tears, 'for forty years past I've seen nothing but disagreeable visions of this big wood-pile, summer and winter, and the sissing and frying and steaming and sputtering of wet wood has always made disagreeable music all over the house. I see now,' he continued, 'what a little man like me can do when he has a strong boss to lay out the work.'

Well, the next winter, when old Boreas was twanging his harpstrings at concert pitch, when stern winter ruled the varied year and the thermometer indicated zero, I called at my neighbor's house. Of course their beautiful, well-prepared, and bone-dry wood furnished a prominent topic of conversation. Said my neighbor: 'What a miserable fist I've made for forty years past. I cannot understand why I never thought of preparing the wood a year before it was to be burned and piling it in a wood-house! Yet I see that I sat around the fire all winter, as many other farmers do, and could not seem to set myself to work until the work on the farm actually compelled me to get out and do something.'—'Christian Work.'

Untidy Ways.

Fortunately we are constantly learning more of the value of clean streets. This lesson was very well taught at the Chicago Fair, when every morning saw the immense Exposition grounds as clean as a new penny, no matter how many peanut-eating and paper-tearing people were within the gates on the previous day. Too often, however, we still strew papers on the highway as if that were the decent thing to do. They do these things better in Paris, though, as the following letter will show: 'I was in Paris a year ago, and one day, while passing a certain thoroughfare, I happened to put my hand in my pocket and drew forth some sort of a handbill. It was of no earthly use to me, and, doubling it over, I tore it in two pieces. Doubling these together, I tore it again; then I dropped the eight bits of paper in the roadway. A moment later a man in uniform came across the street and faced me. I saw he was a policeman. He touched his hat and then pointed to the litter. 'Monsieur,' he said, and rattled off a lot of lingo that I couldn't understand. I mustered up a few French words for the purpose of finding out what he meant. It was no use. He pointed at the bits of paper again and jabbered away for dear life. He shrugged his shoulders and patted his hands together and made a motion as if diving toward the litter. I handed him my card, but he politely bowed and shook his head and refused it. Then I endeavored, to pass him, but he firmly barred the way. About that time I saw what he meant. He wanted me to pick up the bits of paper I had just thrown down. At first I thought I would refuse, but I didn't care to get into trouble over a trifle, and the officer looked decidedly serious; so I stooped over the curb and picked up the eight bits of paper, and dropped them into my pocket, whereupon the man bowed and smiled and passed along.' In New York, as well as in many smaller places, the young people are taking an active part in helping to keep the streets clean, and have done valuable work in helping the authorities having charge of the highways. Are you showing a proper pride in your city or village by helping to keep the streets neat and attractive.—'Christian Work.'

Selected Recipes.

Scrappel—This can be made with pork or beef, and is a very palatable dish. Take the heart and lean pieces of beef, and boil until the meat slips from the bone. Remove the fat, gristle and bones. Take up the meat and chop fine. Return it to the fire with the liquor in which it has been boiled, and season with pepper and salt. When it comes to a boil again, thicken with corn meal, as you would in ordinary mush. Let it cook slowly for three-quarters of an hour or more, and when done take up in a square pan a good size for slicing off to fry. Cut the slices and fry the same as cold mush. This makes a very delicious breakfast dish.

Steamed Lamb—Take a small leg of lamb, place in a steamer over a pint of salted water. Steam till tender, then remove to a dripping-pan, and turn on the water over which it has been steamed. Season with sage and pepper, turning over and over in the liquor. Let it simmer for half an hour and remove to a hot platter when done. Make a gravy as follows: Add to two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup the liquor that remains in the stewpan, and thicken the whole with a little flour wet in cold water. Pour this over the lamb and send to the table hot.

Jellied Veal—Take three or four pounds of veal, boil till very tender, pick it up very fine, put in a mould, season with salt and pepper to taste. Put over a layer of hard-boiled eggs, add the water in which the meat has been boiled, set in a cold place till ready to use.

SOME FIGURES AT THE FESTIVAL.

Children's Festival.

(By Estelle.)

If ever you should be travelling in Spain just before Lent begins, I advise you to go to Barcelona. There you will see one of the prettiest of the children's festivals.

All the small boys and girls are dressed up in various sorts of fancy dresses. One boy of eight will be transmogrified—that isn't a dictionary word, I know—into a little French gentleman, with long hair and moustache, evening dress, and opera hat under his arm, like the famous froggie who 'would a-wooing go.' Another will be dressed like a Spanish grandee, with ribbons and trinkets; another as a peasant, with cap and mantle.

The girls appear as ladies of fashion, maids of honor, Amazons ready to mount the most fiery steed, and poetesses with lyre and crown of laurel, prepared to sing the sweetest lays.

Oh! such crowds of little men and women cut shorter you will see—gipsies, mountaineers, flower-girls, and so on; but you will be surprised to notice how sedately they are walking up and down, especially when you remember that none of them are more than eight years old. I don't know why they have limited the age in that way, for I am sure a good many of the bigger children would like to share in the Carnival at Barcelona.

Very different from that of the stately little promenaders at Barcelona is another festival, which takes place at Burgos, on a day called the Corpus Christi Festival.

This is a religious festival observed in Roman Catholic countries, but I am not going to tell you about that; I only want to give you a peep at a special treat for the children which they have at Burgos, after the religious ceremony is over.

The town is decorated with red and blue sheets or quilts, the bells are set ringing, and the soldiers come out of the barracks and play gaily. Then if you were at Burgos you would see two canopies decorated with flowers coming through the principal street. Under these canopies are two small boys clad in white lambskins.

One of them is riding on a lamb, and has his hands clasped; that is supposed to be our Lord. The other is St. John the Baptist.

Just as we are admiring the two little fellows, and wondering per-

haps what they are thinking of, another procession comes towards them. The principal characters are not tiny boys, but huge figures representing the kings of the earth who have come to do homage to Christ. Men walk inside these figures. After them there come swarms of boys in pink tunics with bell-crowned drab hats and ribbons. They are all dancing wildly and playing castanets as quickly as they can.

There is such a hubbub and such a crush that one really wonders that no one is hurt, but two men with horse-hair whips, and dressed like harlequins, guard the youngsters from the crowd. So they get safely home again, and sleep well, I should think, if exercise has anything to do with a good night's rest.—'Children's Friend.

Sophie's Miss Jennie.

Miss Jennie looked in the door and smiled, It warmed the bare room and made the heart of the little girl on the bed beat fast with joy—that smile.

Sophie was alone and sick. Her mother went out by the day to wash and clean; her two sisters were at the mission school learning to cook and sew. Her father was dead.

'Oh,' she cried, 'I did wish you'd come; but mother said you were too busy.'

Miss Jennie was Sophie's teacher at the new kindergarten around the corner.

Sophie had been sick a week.

'I should have been here before, but I was sick myself for two days,' said Miss Jennie; 'but I'm here now, and see what I've brought you, dear.'

Sophie put out her hands for the package eagerly. She never had presents.

'Oh!' she drew in her breath when she said that little word, and then she couldn't say anything, for the things in Miss Jennie's box, were two 'brand-new,' paper dolls, and colored fashion plates of ladies and men, and all kinds of papers full of pictures; and oh! there on top of a pile of colored paper lay a pair of round-pointed scissors. 'O! O!' said little Sophie, 'I'll never be alone any more, Miss Jennie. I'll have lots of folks here on my bed all the time: How did you come to give me so much? I never had so many presents in all my life before.'

'I thought you could cut out pictures and dolls, and rest when you were tired, and look at them. And then you can play kindergarten and have parties. See, I've brought you the party,' said the smiling girl.

She put a paper bag on the bed, and when Sophie peeped in, there were fancy crackers, and a big orange down at the bottom.

Happy little Sophie!—'American Paper.'

A True Story.

(By A. D. Walker.)

Luther O'Conner, son of the Rev. James O'Conner, was killed last November, run over by a great dray.

This boy was a bright, handsome, intelligent lad, and, what is best of all, he was a Christian. He was not yet twelve years old. He was full of life, so merry that his mother in a private letter, writes, 'The house is indeed lonely without him; his laugh and whistle were everywhere.' Now, many sweet little incidents might be told concerning this boy, but they would make too long an article. A few facts concerning his death, shall be related just to prove to the dear children how a boy can show forth the beauty of religion and true courtesy in the most trying circumstances.

Luther lived four hours after the accident, and was conscious to the last.

About an hour before his departure his father gave him a spoonful of water. This he took with a relish and said, 'That's good; now kiss me, papa!'

The father, kneeling by the boy, said, 'The doctors are doing all they can for you, Luther; but there is One, the Great Physician, who can heal both soul and body.'

'Yes, I know, papa, our Saviour Jesus Christ.'

'You believe in Christ, my boy?'

'I do, papa.'

'You know he died to save you?'

'I do.'

'Do you know why God sent him into the world?'

'I do. He is my Saviour, and I love him. I trust him with all my heart. I love him, and he loves me.'

'How do you know he is your Saviour?'

'Because God sent him to be my Saviour, and I love him and trust him.'

The boy was not very excited, and said to his physician, also, that he loved the Saviour.

When near the end, he said, 'I believe I am dying.' Then throwing a kiss to his mother, he said, 'Mamma, why won't you let me die? If Jesus wants me to live, I'll live; but if Jesus wants me to die, I'll die. It's all right, mamma. It's all right.'

The last words his parents heard him utter, and the last, we believe, he said, were, when a fleck of blood fell from his mouth upon the physician's face, 'Oh, please excuse me—pardon me!'

He was composed, courteous and loving to the last. A dear little Christian boy, freely talking of his love to the Saviour. He has gone to be with him.

Now, this boy was full of play; he was a real boy, and had 'lots of fun,' but he found time to give himself to Christ. It didn't check his spirits, nor make him sad; and oh, how it helped him in death!—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Words.

(By Susan Coolidge.)

A little tender word,
Wrapped in a little rhyme,
Sent out upon the passing air,
In the sweet summer time.

A little idle word,
Breathed in an idle hour;
Between two laughs that word was said,
And yet the word had power.

Away they sped—the words—
One, like a winged seed,
Lit on a soul which gave it room,
And straight began to bud and bloom
In lovely word and deed.

The other careless word,
Borne on an evil air,
Found a rich soil and ripened fast
Its rank and poisonous growth, and cast
Fresh seeds to work elsewhere.

The speakers of the words
Passed by and marked one day
The fragrant blossoms dewy wet
The baneful flowers quickly set
In clustering array.

And neither knew his word,
One smiled and one did sigh;
'How strange and sad,' one said, 'it is
People should do such things as this:
I'm glad it is not I.'

And 'What a wondrous word,
To reach so far, so high!'
The other said, 'What joy 'twould be
To send out words so helpfully:
I wish that it were I.

Who's Afraid ?

RECITATION FOR THREE BOYS.

FIRST BOY.

Who's afraid, who's afraid, of a glass of ale?
What a muff you are, for your nerves to fail
At the sight of drink, and you answer 'No!'
You're a baby, Jim, and I tell you so.
Why, I'm sure, if I went by your temperance plan,
I should grow up weak, only half a man;
I'm no coward, Jim, and I cannot see
That a drop of drink can do harm to me.

SECOND BOY.

Yet the drunkard reeling down the street,
And every ruined life we meet,
Began with a drop, with a little sip,
From the glass that shall never reach my lip,
I'm afraid, yes, afraid, though no coward I,
Lest another fall where the shadows lie,
Through aught that I do, through my want of will,
Through this dreadful thing that is working ill.
And so I declare my example ne'er
Shall point unto harm and to dark despair;
I'm afraid to drink, lest a brother say,
'To the road of ruin you led the way!'

THIRD BOY.

And who would not fear in this land of ours,
With the cloud of drink o'er its fields and flowers,
With the tyrant drink in its every town,
Stealing away its glory-crown?
Oh, who would not fear to have any part
In the thing that is hurtful for home and heart?
Oh, that everyone may be brave to stand,
With the free and the true, joining hand to hand!

FIRST BOY.

Stop, stop, for the sake of the world so wide,
The souls that to rescue the Master died,
Oh, harm not our brethren by aught you do,
But help by example the cause that's true.

THIRD BOY.

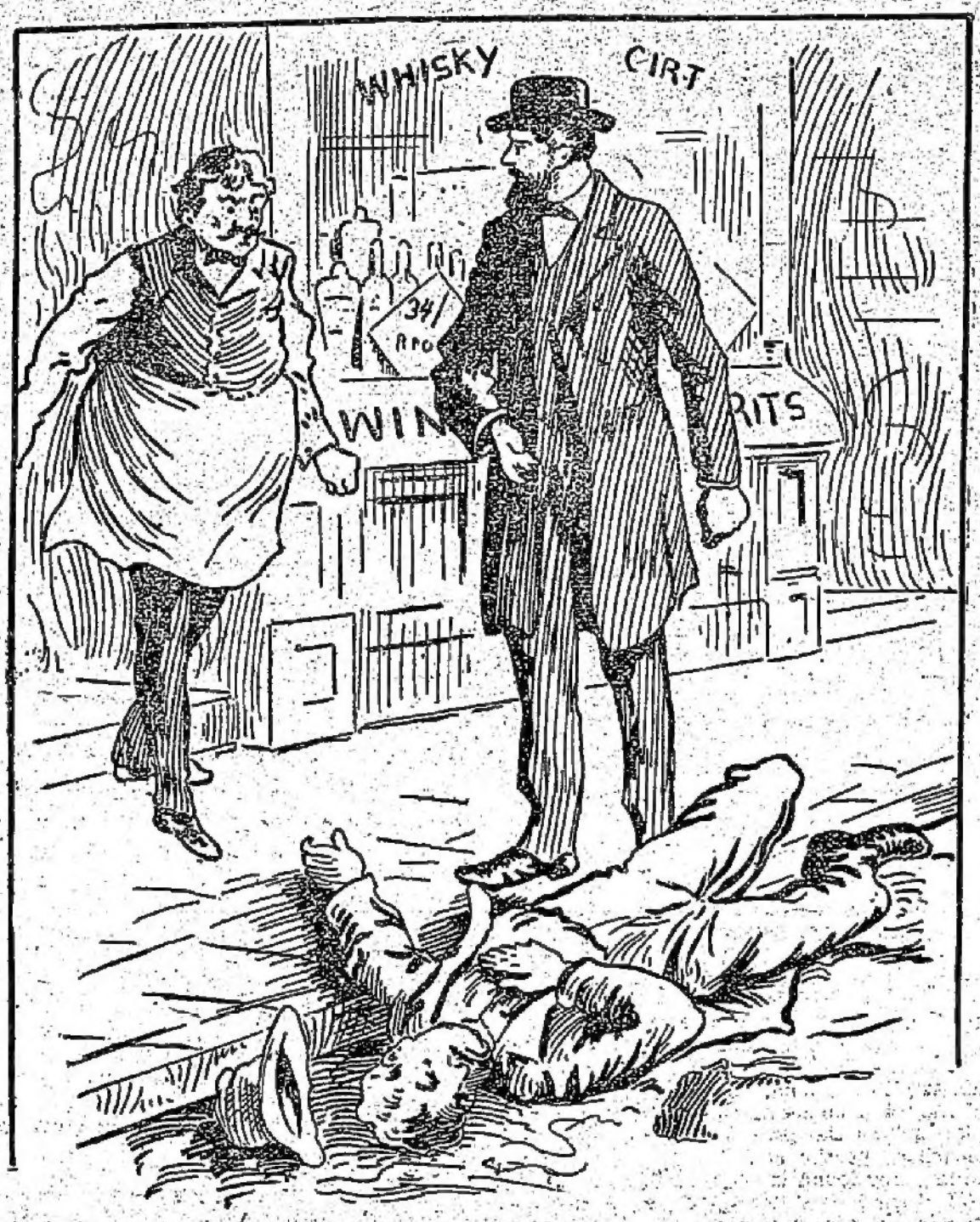
Oh, bad for the body, the mind, the soul,
This glass that you take, whether half, or whole,
Be brave to refuse it, and henceforth say,
'For sak of my brethren I'll answer "Nay!"'

SECOND BOY.

No cowards, indeed, are the temperance host,
Since of others, not self, they are thinking most;
Let me sign my name, for I'll join the band,
That fears to do wrong, and for Truth doth stand.

There is No Danger.

Jack Turner was a fearless lad, who cared for no warning, and delighted in venturing into the most dangerous places. Often he had climbed up the face of an almost perpendicular cliff in order to rifle the birds' nests which were there; and on one occasion he had frightened the whole neighborhood by scaling the pier of the bridge, from the channel of the river on to the ledge above. The more wise of the grown-up people would sometimes venture a word of caution, and tell him that if he did not mind what he was about he would certainly be killed some day; but Jack only laughed defiantly, and replied, 'No fear; I know what I'm about;' and sure enough, he did seem to have feet like a cat, and a head as steady as a mule's. But one day, when on a solitary bird-nesting expedition, he met with such a serious accident as effectualy cured him of all his recklessness. On a tree which grew by the side of the river over which the greater portion of its branches hung, he saw a nest; and rather attracted than otherwise by the danger which would have to be braved, in order to reach it, he at once mounted to secure it. But he had reckoned this time without his host, for as he was putting out his hand to take possession of the young ones in the nest, the branch on which he stood gave way, and he fell with it into the river. Just at the place where the tree grew, the river was intercepted by some large stones, which divided the current into two, and Jack's head struck violently on one of these, so that he was severely injured, and was made for the time insensible. It is not unlikely, indeed, that he would have been drowned outright, since he had not the consciousness to know where he was; but a person who happened to pass, just after the accident, discovered him, and after hauling him out of the river, carried him to the nearest house. Here Jack lay for a long time seriously ill, his life hanging in the balance, for brain-fever is at all times a dangerous malady; but, by the mercy of God, he recovered, and from that hour to this he has never climbed again. Let the young people who read this story take warning from older friends, and not wantonly expose themselves to danger. It is melancholy to think how many bodily evils, in the shape of crooked spines, and the like, have been caused by reckless climbing; be content, therefore, to walk on the level road, and leave all such dangerous sports alone. Above all ,take care of over-confidence in everything. How many people have drifted into drunkenness, saying, as Jack, here, 'No fear.' Do not you risk yourselves thus, but early take the course of abstinence, and just as he who walks always on the level will never have a fall like that which we have described; so he who never touches strong drink will never become a drunkard.—'League Journal.'



HIS SIGNBOARD.

One day James Dowdle was passing a public-house from which a goodly number of his converts had been drawn, when he noticed a terrible and disgusting sight, A poor, sodden, flabby fellow, had been made really ill by the 'swill,' he had swallowed, and had fallen in a heap on the pavement outside.

'Mister,' said James, entering the public-house, 'your sign-board has fallen down on the pavement. You'd better come and pick it up.'

Out bustled the publican, but great was his astonishment and wrath when James pointed to the unconscious heap, and said, 'Pick him up, and put him in your window, labelled, "Manufactured on the Premises at Fourpence a Pot!" '—From 'Life and Labors of James Dowdle, Commissioner,' in 'War Cry.'

'Wine is a Mocker.'

Only a glass of wine,
When the tempter's power held sway,
But it led its victim down the path,
Of sin's most deadly way;
It turned the channel of one young life
Into paths of deepest woe,
And blackened one poor heart that once
Was as pure as the whitest snow.

Only a glass of wine, alas!
It was a most fatal start,
For it turned to a demon a fair young lad,
And broke a fond mother's heart;
It darkened a young wife's happiness,
And gave her but pain and woe;
It brought her, instead of a loving caress,
A curse and a cruel blow.

Only a glass of glowing wine !
'Tis a little thing, but, then,
It turned a bright and sunny home
Into a drunkard's den!
It blasted forever a precious life,
And sounded a funeral knell;
It placed the wreck in a drunkard's grave,
And led to a drunkard's hell.
—'Young Soldier.'

All.

Oh, brothers and friends, at this festal hour,
Think, think, of Example's mighty power,
And fear ye the evil, and choose the right,
And point ye the world unto Hope and Light.
—M. S. Haycraft, in 'Temperance Record.'

LESSON X.—DEC. 4,

The Book of the Law Found.

II. Kings xxii., 8-20. Memory verse 19. Read II. Chron. xxxiv.

Golden Text.

'Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.'—Psa., cxix., 2.

Home Readings.

M. II. Chron. xxxiv., 1-13.—Josiah did right in the Lord's sight.
T. II. Kings xxii., 8-20.—The book of the law found.
W. II. Chron. xxxiv., 14-33.—Josiah made a covenant before the Lord.
T. Psa. xix., 1-14.—'The law of the Lord is perfect.'
F. Psa. cxix., 1-32.—'Blessed are they that keep his testimonies.'
S. Psa. cxix., 97-120.—'Therefore I love thy testimonies.'
S. Psa. cxix., 145-176.—'I do not forget thy commandments.'

Lesson Story.

Josiah, the grandson of Manasseh, was only eight years old when he was set on the throne of Judah at his father's death. He reigned thirty-one years.

The good son of a bad, weak man, Josiah had much to contend with, and a great work of reformation to do in his kingdom. At the age of sixteen he gave himself wholly to God and spent the next ten years trying to break down the power and strongholds of idolatry in the land. In the eighteenth year of his reign he set about repairing the Temple, and as the priests and workmen were clearing out the cupboards in the Temple walls, they found in some corner the ancient roll of the law of God, given through Moses, nearly eight centuries before, (Deut. xxxi., 9.) This book had been lost or forgotten for some years, and the people had grown careless and forgetful of its precepts.

Hilkiah, the high priest, gave the Book to Shaphan the scribe, and Shaphan took it and read it to the king. When the king heard the law and the standard which God had set, he was filled with dismay. He saw how far short of righteousness was the life of his kingdom. He saw himself in God's light and could not but notice his shortcomings. Josiah sent at once to enquire of God what would happen to him and to his people for the neglect of God's word. So the messengers went to Huldah the prophetess who gave them a message from God. Jehovah said that he would bring desolation on the land, according to his covenant, (Deut. xxix, 14-28) because of the people's disobedience and idolatry. But to Josiah God promised peace because he had believed God's word as soon as he heard it, and humbled himself and mourned before God on account of his people's wickedness.

Josiah then caused the book to be read in a solemn assembly of all the people, and together they renewed their covenant with God. After this they kept a most solemn passover, such as there never had been before, and to which the people looked back in later days as the most wonderful and beautiful passover ever held (II. Kings, xxiii., 22.)

Lesson Hints.

'Hilkiah' — the high priest, supposed to have been the father of the prophet Jeremiah (Jer. 1., 1,2.)

'Shaphan, the scribe'—the king's secretary.

'Book of the law'—the Pentateuch, or first five books of the bible. This was the word of God in which David found such comfort and beauty, and surety of guidance. (Psa., cxix.)

'The money found'—probably some silver and gold left from the great offerings of the time of Joash. (II. Chron. xxiv., 10.) Also a collection had been taken up by Joash's command, both in the Temple and throughout the whole land. (II. Chron. xxxiv., 9.)

'Shaphan read it'—he was probably one of the few learned men who could read well. The art of reading was only taught to those who intended to devote their lives to study and instruction. The common people were taught orally, generation after generation learning from their fathers' lips the story of the beginning of the world and the history of their race. (Deut. vi., 7-9.)

Thank God for an open bible and the power to read God's word for ourselves! Thank God for the Holy Spirit who will make clear to us the will of God through his word. (John xiv., 26.)

'He rent his clothes'—in token of sorrow for the sin of his people. He had tried to live a perfect life himself, but when he measured himself against God's standard he saw his lack. He realized that the awful sins into which his people had fallen must be punished according to God's word.

'The college' — the Revised version calls this the 'second quarter,' or the nearer part of the city.'

'I will bring evil' — the people were so steeped in sin that they must be destroyed with the sin. But because of Josiah's renewal of the covenant and the sincere repentance of a few of the people, a remnant were finally saved. (Isa. xi., 11.)

Lesson Hymn.

Praise God for the bible, which comes as a friend,
To counsel and comfort, to guide and defend;,
Praise God for the bible, far better than gold,
The words of sure promise its pages unfold.

Praise God for the bible, the mirror of sin,
That shows us our wrongness, without and within;,
Praise God for the bible, the water of truth,
Which gladdens and cleanses the way of our youth.

Praise God for the bible, it burns like a fire,
As dross from the silver, each evil desire;
Praise God for the bible, his letter of love,
To fathers and children, inviting above.

Praise God for the bible, that kills like a sword,
Our sins and wrongdoings, and fights for the Lord;
Praise God for the bible, a lamp in our path,
To guide through life's journey and shadows of death.

—'Endeavor Banner.'

Questions.

1. How old was Josiah when he was set on the throne of Judah?
2. Compare his character with that of his grandfather.
3. What were the chief events of his reign?
4. How was his reign remembered in later times?

Suggested Hymns.

'Take time to be holy,' 'What a Friend we have in Jesus!' 'At the feet of Jesus,' 'Out of my bondage,' 'Have you any room for Jesus?' 'Around the throne of God,' 'I think when I read.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

The Book of the law found. II. Kings xxii., 8-20.

Hilkiah, in 627 B.C., made a greater discovery than Columbus in 1492 A.D. Verse 8.

Business habits are as useful to the Christian as to the worldling. Verse 9.

No book describes human nature so clearly as the word of God. Verses 10, 11: also Jer. xvii., 9.

The penitent's prayer is never spurned by Jehovah. Verses 12-14: also Psa. xxxiv., 18.

God's words are always fulfilled, a comfort to the Christian and a warning to the unconverted. Verses 15-17.

Obedience to God is rewarded in many ways, both in this life and in that which is to come. Verses 18-20.

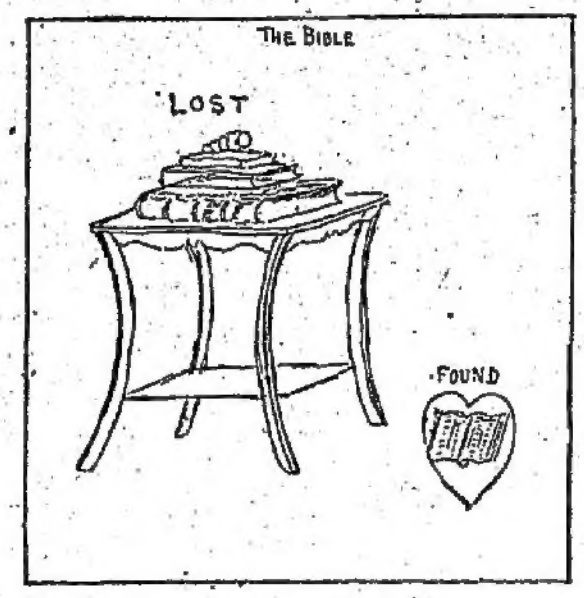
Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Dec. 4.—Systematic and proportionate giving.—Mal. iii., 7-12.

Lesson Illustrated.

The way in which this special copy of the law, surmised by some to have been the original, by the hand of Moses, came to be lost, we do not know. It may have been hidden during the reign of Ahaz. The Rabbis say it was hidden under a pile of stones. Nowadays we hide our bibles differently, a top shelf, a corner of our bureau, the bottom of our trunk and most successful of all, some of our parlor tables where magnificently bound copies, illustrated, ornamented, self-pronouncing with maps, aids, concordances and other things, too numerous to mention, certify to our orthodox respectibility, and by their very weight of information, excuse us from ever looking at them. Hands off, children, this is a thing not to be touched. Dirty



little fingers must leave no marks here. Hungry little eyes must not feast on these treasures. The bible is a thing to be let alone, and then mother says in later years, 'My boy does not read his bible. I wonder why.'

A bible is lost until prayerful, searching eyes find its treasures, and lay them up in the heart.

A Hopeless Case.

A teacher in a Sunday mission-school in the West End of Boston, had a boy in her class who seemed to be proof against every good influence. It was a wonder that she secured his attendance for any length of time; but by her tact and kindness she held her other pupils, and he came apparently for company's sake, and for the fun and mischief he could stir up among the other scholars.

He gave no signs that her teachings had touched his moral nature—or, in fact, that he had any moral nature. He grew, apparently, more unprincipled as he grew older, until all she had done for him seemed wasted pains; but she continued to treat him kindly, and never forgot him in her prayers.

One day she heard of his arrest for complicity in a recent burglary. She did what she could to secure him legal counsel in his trial, and through two years' imprisonment which followed, occasionally visited him. He never gave any indication of penitence. His sullen, defiant temper, greatly discouraged her; but her faith and love were invincible.

He disappeared after his release. All who knew him supposed he was dead or lost under a feigned name somewhere in the criminal herds of the cities.

Nearly thirty years passed. The lady went to California. In the meantime she had married. Her children were grown, and she, with her husband, was visiting friends in the Pacific States. In one city where she stayed, a question of political reform was agitating the people, pending a change in the municipal government. Her host and hostess were to entertain one of the candidates for the mayoralty. 'He is our man,' they said, 'and we hope to elect him, for he is an earnest Christian, and stands for high principle in public and in private life.'

The gentleman came, and was about to be introduced to the visitor, when, to her surprise, he spoke her name. She could not recognize him, in the handsome, bearded man before her, but he was her bad boy of the Boston West End Sunday-school.

'I lived a reckless life for several years after I left Boston,' he told her, 'but I was not able to forget your great patience and kindness, nor some of the things you said to me. Under God, I owe what I have to-day of true manhood, to you.'

Examples of apparently utter depravity are met by every lover of his kind who gives himself to the uplifting of humanity, but it is an unsolved problem whether there ever was a really 'hopeless case.' We are told that 'genius loves difficulties,' and it is equally certain that supreme faith in Christ and in his teachings loves the hopeless cases—let the phrase mean what it may.—'Youth's Companion.'

Whose Pocket-Book?

'Whose pocket-book is that which you carry?' said a friend to a business-man, as he drew a well-filled wallet from his pocket.

'Why, my own, of course. Whose else could it be?' was the prompt answer.

'To whom the pocket-book belongs depends on another question. If you belong to the Lord, I guess the purse is his also.'

'Well,' said the man thoughtfully, 'I hope I do belong to the Lord, but your remark throws a new light upon this subject. It never impressed me before as it does just now that I am to carry and use this pocket-book, "my pocket-book," as my Lord directs. I must think this matter out, for I confess honestly I never have looked at it in the light in which you place it. — American Paper.

? ?

Did you read the premium offers in last week's 'Messenger.'

Did you immediately interview the Sunday school officers within your reach?

Others may get in a head of you, and you will feel sorry that you did not start out at once in a business-like way to secure a premium.

Most people move slowly, you may yet be first.

The premiums offered are really very attractive and worth while securing.

Read the premium offer in last week's 'Messenger' again. Then cut it out and keep it for reference.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

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One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more to different addresses, 25c each.

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Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and Dyspeptic. Sold only in ¼ lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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HOME STUDY FOR BUSINESS We teach Books-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Com'l Law, Letter Writing, Arithmetic, Shorthand, English & Civil Service branches thoroughly by MAIL at your own HOME. Success guaranteed. We give a useful, Money-Making Education. Salaried Situations obtained by our students. National reputation, established 40 years. It will pay you. Try it. Catalog free. Trial lesson 10 cents.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

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TO COUNTRY BUYERS OF CITY GOODS at City Cash Prices.

OUR CATALOGUE, WEEK BY WEEK
—OR—
"YOUR WANTS SUPPLIED."

(A Serial Story by the Advertiser.)

Chapter IV.

It breaks the ice t'wixt strangers, one and t'other,
To skate i' the moonlight and fall in——love.
—*Old Drama.*

SKATES.

The mail order business that is done in Great Britain is simply enormous. Even Londoners themselves, to avoid the trouble of going to town and the fearful crush in the great stores, order their goods by mail as much as possible. The mail order business is growing on this side very rapidly and yet there are many people who have never availed themselves of its opportunities and advantages. When people all over Canada can get the best goods to be found in the Montreal Stores at the lowest cash prices and postage on goods prepaid, they surely do well. 'Witness' readers have an advantage over subscribers to other papers in that they know that the 'Witness' would not accept any advertising, no matter how much money was offered them, that the publishers thought was likely to injure their readers. That is one reason why as advertisers we appreciate the 'Witness.' Another reason is that we appreciate 'Witness' readers. We believe them to be intelligent above the average newspaper reader or they would not select such a paper as the 'Witness.' And it is to intelligent people we look for appreciation of really good articles. And really good articles are our stock in trade. They do not return such large profits as inferior goods but they do give genuine satisfaction to our customers and future orders from themselves and their friends come in due course. It simply would not pay us to advertise in this way if we only sold one article to a customer and so disgusted him that he would tell his friends not to order anything of The Mail Order Concern. But if we send good values those who receive them will be walking advertisements for us.

OUR BUSINESS AXIOMS.

1. We only handle a few lines of Goods.
2. We select those that we think will be most popular, judging from the sales in local stores.
3. We buy these at lowest cash prices direct from the manufacturers, whenever possible.
4. We sell to patrons all over the Dominion, at Montreal prices.
5. We are satisfied with small profits and rapid sales.
6. We believe a satisfied customer will get us others.
7. We will show the publishers the goods before we insert the advertising so that no one may have reason to discount descriptions.
8. We don't deal in catch-pennies or tricks to sell our goods. We don't need to. Our goods sell without such aid, and we reckon more upon satisfied customers than upon our advertising for future business.
9. We select such goods as will satisfy at sight. But are still more careful to select such goods as will stand the test.
10. We believe the best is the cheapest in the end and the most satisfactory all round.

Hockey, the great Canadian game, has made skating more general than ever before and rinks either natural or artificial are within reach of almost every one. The old-time skates, so hard to put on, so apt to come off, so quick to lose their edge and so useless altogether, won't sell at any price. People won't be bothered with them. We have selected the following kinds of skates after consulting a friend who is well-known as a hockey player in Montreal and understands skates and skating of all kinds.

Skeleton Skates.

THE WINSLOW HOCKEY SKATE presents the combined judgment of the most celebrated Hockey players in Canada. These skates are beautiful in design and finish, and very strong, yet light withal. The runners are concaved and hardened by a special and secret process, and are of the highest tempered stock in the market. Special attention is drawn to the extra quality and strength of steel used in the Brackets on all Winslow Hockey Skates. The Brackets are WARRANTED by the manufacturers not to break.

The prices quoted below are taken from the wholesale Catalogue Price-List, issued by the largest wholesale dealers in the Dominion. However, 35 cents must be added to the price for packing and shipping charges, which we prepay.

No. 270—The Runners are of Welded Iron and Steel, hardened and tempered toe and heel plates, are made of Cold Rolled Steel, Blued, and have Polished edges, 8 to 12 inches .. .. ..